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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

September

I stole afar, one sweet September day,
From crowding tasks and cares that press the heart,
And walked along a blooming woodland way,
Vivid with life, and colors passing art.

Nature was queen; the goldenrod her crown;
The purple asters robed her royally;
The butterflies her jewels, holding down
Her ruddy tresses; yet she stooped to me!

For me she wore the rubies in her dress,
For me the sapphire of her heavenly sky;
She filled my hungry heart with her caress,
Listened with patience to my lover's sigh.

Ah, who am I, to think my portion small,
When I may share a kingdom such as this!
When riches past the counting of them all
Are mine, and sunshine warm as mother's kiss?

Light grows my bounding heart, my sorrows flee;
The scarlet creeper, in his bright array,
Swift climbs the belfry of the tallest tree
And rings the joy-bell for a perfect day.

—*Harriet Ball Thorpe.*

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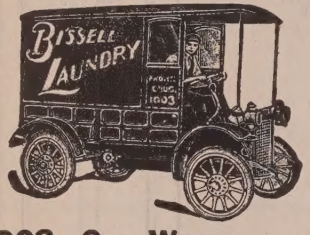

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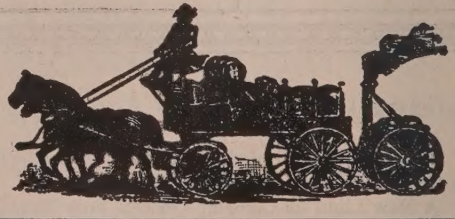

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1915. NUMBER 3

THE EVERLASTING PROMISE.

After the tempest comes the calm of noon;
Yet strangely clear, as if upon it soon
The ship of destiny must strike, the isle
Of Promise sings its siren wile.
And clearer is the song because the foam
Has borne us nearer to our proper home.

'Tis not that evil siren song of old
That lilted for the luring of the bold
And brave to their destruction with a cup
Of that foul brew that Circe offered up;

The rather, but men knew it, and could trust,
How soon the wandering vessel's prow were thrust
Into those soft and brightly golden sands,
And with what eager suppliance of hands
Would they receive and press upon their lips,
All parched and yearning, those fair finger-tips
Of her who stands at water's edge to give
The draught that means that they shall truly live.

The everlasting promise cannot fail;
Its accents, flaunted wide on storm and gale
Of human passion, rise to sterner sound,
Until the world, its vasty circuit round,
Becomes aware of sweeter songs by far
Than any that have ever been, or are!

RICHARD WARNER BORST.

The *Indian Messenger,* the Calcutta organ of the Brahmo-Somaj, speaks of a gathering of more than a hundred students, consisting of Hindus, Musselmen and Christians, meeting to discuss deep problems on terms of utmost equality and freedom, and states that these meetings were to be held monthly. How many meetings of this kind are realized even in our boasted free United States?

The last Pamphlet issued by the World Peace Foundation, 40 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, contains "The Official Documents Concerning Neutral and Belligerent Rights issued since August 4, 1914." The pamphlet contains twenty-five pages, with an appendix of twenty-two pages containing the Declaration of London in 1909. Here are some "original" documents worth studying and preserving. Copies may be obtained free upon application.

The *Illinois Farmer* says: "Over in Indiana they have been gathering statistics on the activities of the rat, and they have determined that the average rat eats or destroys more than three dollars' worth of property each year of its life." They have also found that there are three rats to every human being in Indiana. That means that the rats cost nine dollars a year for every person in the state. When we get rid of the useless pests, biped and quadruped, there will be a better chance for the constructive and useful life of the globe.

In the death of the Hon. John Davis Long the nation has lost a statesman with a national and an international record in the cause of temperance, a man who in public life did not hesitate to risk his popularity, and, what is more dear to the politician, his votes, by espousing an unpopular cause, championing a disrupting issue. At one time the honored governor of Massachusetts, he afterward became the logical and effective president of the Massachusetts Temperance Society. And lastly, but not least, liberal religion has lost a man who did not allow so-called "civic duties" to blur his spiritual insight or deter his religious insight. He was a churchman, a Unitarian churchman at that, instant in season and out of season in the cause which that church represents. This country needs more statesmen of his type, more laymen of his practices.

We take pleasure in printing in another column a contribution from our respected associate, the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton of Cedar Rapids, entitled "New Light on Lincoln," which we copy from the *Book Lover.* We shall look with interest for the book heralded in this article, from the pen of Mr. Rankin, an old friend and neighbor of Lincoln. We took great pleasure in introducing our readers to Mr. Newton's own book on "Lincoln and Herndon" some years ago, for it approaches Lincoln from the neglected side, the side of his spiritual sensibility, his cultural breadth,—that of a man of thought. The foolish emphasis laid by the sophisticated on his meager schooling, rude in character and brief in duration, has obscured the other fact, so patent to the student of Lincoln, that he was deeply if not widely read and that he obtained his culture, as all culture must come in the last analysis, from inveterate reading and continuous brooding on great problems and with such intimate contact with human nature as made him at home with humanity. The true life of Abraham Lincoln is yet to be written, as the true estimate of his forbears and early environment are yet to be adequately interpreted, if indeed the conditions of understanding and appreciating them are not already past.

The Reverend Margaret B. Barnard, pastor of the Church of Rowe, Mass., contributes an interesting article in the *Unitarian Advance* for September on "Massachusetts Country Churches," more especially concerning the three churches at Warwick, Rowe and Deerfield, whose foundations reach back to the foundations of their towns. "Two of them stand on hill-tops remote from the present highway of travel and, although the congregations are smaller than in the early days, they still hold an important place in the community life. Surely these hill-top churches with their too few records are justified of history. Warwick has contributed to the Unitarian ministry H. H. Barber, an emeritus professor of Meadville, Dr. A. D. Mayo, who made great contributions to the education of the South in the two decades immediately following the war, and Professor Henry Preserved Smith, once of Amherst, later of Meadville, now of the Union Theological Seminary, and the author of a standard life of Martin Luther. Rowe has made his contribution to the bench and the pulpit, letters and arts. John F. Moors, for many years pastor of Deerfield, won for himself the title in the unecclesiastical Unitarian denomination of "Bishop of Western Massachusetts." The automobile these days carries the most indolent of city preachers in this Middle West country past many "hill-top churches" in remote places, many of them telling a pathetic story of poverty, indifference or neglect, with faded paint, shutters off their hinges, broken window-panes, ramshackle steps and grass-grown entrances. Perhaps, when some future woman pastor comes to write the two hundred years' history of even these country churches in Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and beyond, she may be able to use Miss Barnard's closing paragraph as applicable to the pathetic weakness and loneliness of at least some of our western country churches:

> All these churches have had their days of success, and their times of failure; they have had the training of prosperity and adversity; they have seen their congregations increase and dwindle. Neither they nor their ministers have always been true to their high calling, but one can not study their history without realizing what an inspiration they have been to their communities, how in all the troublous times of our nation's history they have held aloft the torch of truth and justice, how they have stood for the things that are eternal in their essence. They have been beacon lights in their communities for two hundred years, and, because of what they have been, because of all that they may yet be, they and the many others that dot our Massachusetts hilltops, deserve the loyal support of our denomination, and the active interest of the descendents of those who have gone forth from them to carry their message over the world.
>
> "Lo, my brook became a river, and my river became a sea."

The *Inquirer* (London) tells a touching story in vivid language of a little grave near one of the "Welsh Arian chapels," where "the little stream of Cerdin splutters and splashes," that has been visited weekly for thirty-seven years by a peasant mother who has never let a week go by without some act of service on the grave. The mother has borne other sons and daughters who have grown up and brought to her their own sons and daughters. She has battled with poverty, borne the heat and burdens of the day, done the field-work with its exposure to rough weather, but she has never forgotten. "This peasant's wife with the sunburnt features and ungainly gait has not the divine gift of words. Rossetti and Burne-Jones would never have painted her, Millet might.

UNITY is the recipient of frequent pieces of editorial advice, with much commendation and condemnation of our attitude concerning this war, which, to our thinking, is the child of a vicious philosophy rather than of depraved individuals, a false theory of government rather than of malicious governments. We rejoice in the friendships of those who agree with us and still more in the friendships that hold in spite of our disagreements. A correspondent from the South says:

> "I am in full sympathy with your Peace Mission. The 'War Spirit' is the accursed thing that will work itself into war until we get the spirit worked out of human nature, and we must be careful when we do pronounce 'The Plague on both your Houses,' that the plague of ruin may not come from this war spirit abroad onto our house while preaching peace."

Another friend from Chicago writes:

> "Your correspondent (from England) hits the nail on the head and expresses with great precision the sentiments of many of your subscribers. Your attitude is good in ethics but indefensible in the logic of the situation . . . Now the question is not where you stand, because you have made that perfectly clear, but why you of all men can hold such illogical opinions."

Another correspondent in the same mail says:

> "Your position in the September 2nd issue of UNITY seems to me to be the only one that can be taken by a teacher of or a believer in righteousness, or who wishes to guide his life by the teachings of the great founders of religion. . . . but wholly apart from that how can a wrong be righted by another wrong? The European nations (belligerents) are following the old order,—the unChristian, irreligious order of 'might makes right,' and we in this country are apparently trying to follow suit. The publication in newspapers, and even in the so-called religious press of articles on the necessity of following Germany's lead a la *preparedness,* is having a tremendous effect upon the many who do not see far ahead and are easily controlled by one idea. . . . At the same time little publicity is given to such just and fair presentations of the right as you have given in your reply . . . When the passions and groundless fears engendered by the war shall have subsided it will be easy for most people to see the *rightness* of your stand."

A private letter from the Rev. Charles W. Wendte, the prime mover of a joint free religious convention which was held in the Unitarian Church in Oakland, California, August 29th, says that the three sessions were "exceedingly successful, with crowded audiences, fine speaking, noble sentiments, expenses all met and new members gained, and, best of all, "the influence of a large unsectarian reconciling ideas and ideals promoted in the community." The program

which lies before us is sufficient explanation of the interest, for here in one day was an opportunity of hearing not only Mr. Wendte, but Professor Anna Garlin Spencer of the Meadville Theological School, Professor Bucknam of the Pacific Theological School, Rabbi Meyer of San Francisco, President Swain of Swarthmore College, Rev. Clay MacCauley of Tokio, vice-president of the Royal Asiatic Society, Reverends Dodson of St. Louis and Crothers of Cambridge, Mass., Starr Jordan of Stanford University, Professor Mukerji of Calcutta, Rev. Ebina of Tokio, and others. Since the Parliament of Religion in 1893 and the work of the child born out of its loins, the Congress of Religion, in the decades following, there has seemed to be a denominational reaction in many quarters, even among the would-be liberal societies,—the Unitarians, Universalists and Reformed Jews. But the spirit of brotherhood, the logic of the situation, will not permit these interests to be permanently kept apart by the superficial lines of the theological traditions or denominational loyalties. The so-called orthodox demonimnations have been yielding to the spirit of the age and the culture of the twentieth century and groping toward a fellowship that will close the lines and unite the forces. Perhaps the most benignant result of the "Federation of the Churches of Christ" is to find that, after all, there are federate forces outside their federation, as, indeed, on the other hand, the would-be liberal churches are compelled to find liberality behind them, and going ahead of them. When the clouds of war disappear, as disappear they will, the claims of universal religion will be better understood and more effectively organized and enforced than ever before.

"The Little Child At The Breakfast Table"

We share with many friends the regret that William C. Gannett has published so little. The world needs his careful thought and high ideals. His sermons, beaten out by tireless reflection, polished by a rare critical ability, have been largely enjoyed by the limited few who have heard them. They ought to have reached the many who would read.

But this is ungracious criticism. The work he has done, the poems, the hymns, the printed prayers, constitute a rare vintage from this carefully tilled "vineyard of the Lord." Few of the liberal preachers of America have succeeded in teaching so effectively, few there are whose message has been so diffusive and whose contribution so permanent as that of our brother, William C. Gannett, who, if he left nothing behind him but the "Unity Hymns and Chorals," the work of himself and his twin poet, Frederick L. Hosmer, would leave a bequest far-reaching and long-living.

Everything that Mr. Gannett does is done carefully and he trusts nothing to the printer that has not been tried out in his own preacher's laboratory. The latest and, in some respects, the rarest offering from his hand, is a little book with the above title, "Arranged by William and Mary Gannett," and issued from the Beacon Press, Boston. The explanatory preface is dated, May, 1915, but it is the ripened fruit of twenty-five years of loving experimentation in the most sensitive of fields,—the home life into which children are born, through which they grow, and out of which they go into life, furnished for life's high duties.

The sub-title of this book runs: "At the Breakfact Table; Days and Seasons; Little Prayers for Morning, Bedtime, and Household Thanksgiving." The "Breakfast Table Readings" are thirty-one in number, one for each day of the month, generally a page long, ordinarily consisting of a high and oftentimes familiar reading to be read, either alternately or by one member of the family, closing with a simple "Together" couplet. The compilers did not forget that truth is easier and generally more profoundly felt when sung than when read, and the little book contains five simple musical refrains. There are pages to New Years, Spring, Summer, Harvest and Winter Glories, Easter, Christmas, Washington's and Lincoln's Birthday, Our Country, and, as might have been expected from this source, though too much neglected even in the devotions of the most devout, "The Brotherhood of Nations." There are Seven Little Prayers for Little People, seven bed-time prayers rendered rhythmically, and five "Meal-time Thanksgivings," all rendered in monosyllabic simplicity. That these selections are high and most classic in their gift of permanence goes without the saying. A glance at the table of contents, in which acknowledgments are made to authors, will show that the compilers did not confine themselves to the "Masters," but gladly accepted material from the "humbler poets," as, for instance, for the Twenty-eighth Day, dear Ellen T. Leonard and noble James Russell Lowell touch elbows and both speak their message to the child with child-like simplicity.

Of the matter and the form of this book there is no word to be spoken but that of grateful appreciation. Of course, in a collection so limited, in purpose so restricted, many, many things as great and as suitable are left out, but here is nothing that the most critical or most cultured could wish to leave out. The only discussion suggested by the book is, first, the value of such a book as a contribution to a much overlooked necessity in the households of our day, and, second, how best to use it. To the present writer even this very little book, of only eighty-one pages, openly printed, is larger than need be. When it

comes to ritualism, and this writer is a ritualist when a ritual can be formed that conforms to the noblest thinking as well as the highest feelings of the spirit, we are High Church, we believe in the value of reiteration, particularly with children. But here the personal equation enters largely. Some perhaps will prefer with the writer one selection for the month rather than one for each of the thirty-one days, particularly when the children are small. But, as suggested in the very interesting "Explanation of the Book," there is abundant freedom here to use or to omit, to select and experiment as every intelligent father and mother must necessarily do.

The only tyranny that threatens the use of this book is the rather confining implication in the titles "At the Breakfast Table" and "The Little Child." For this is a little *vade mecum* that might prove of great helpfulness to the boy and girl away at college, to the tired school teacher and to the preacher with flagging spirit. It contains that which is helpful at sun-down as well as at sun-rise. It will serve at supper time as at breakfast time, and, if need be, offers a not wholly inadequate substitute for both breakfast and supper time. We almost wish that the publishers, with the consent of the editors, would issue this book without change except a new title page and perhaps a two or three-line postscript to the preface.

It is a lamentable fact that the rank weeds of flippancy and irreverence that grow in the fertile soil of American youth show themselves largely during college years, and this little book, accompanied by a copy of "Unity Hymns and Chorals," the last edition, edited by William C. Gannett and Frederick L. Hosmer, and published by the Unity Publishing Company, Chicago, would offer valuable seed thoughts which would grow into the reverence, humility and earnestness to keep down the weeds referred to above.

Will not readers of UNITY who have boys and girls at college heed this suggestion, try it and perhaps some of them will report to UNITY as to the result of the experiment.

Scowling and growling will make a man old;
Money and fame at the best are beguiling;
Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold,—
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate;
Why should you think you could find her by roving?
Never was greater mistake than to hate,—
Try loving.

—*John Esten Cooke.*

New Light on Lincoln

Some years ago, while studying Lincoln and Herndon, I went to Springfield to explore the treasures of Lincoln lore in that city. I found much to interest me, very much, but I also met one of the most remarkable men whom it has ever been my joy to know. By chance, as we say, I called on Mr. Henry B. Rankin, and I shall not live long enough to forget my interviews with him in his beautiful home. He gave me more insight into the real Lincoln than all the books I had ever read then or since, and I would fain tell your readers something about him.

Rankin was one of the "Lincoln boys" who grew up in the valley of the Sangamon, before the sturdy race of pioneers had disappeared, and saw Lincoln for the first time in 1846. His mother was a friend and confidant of Ann Rutledge, the sweetheart whom Lincoln loved and lost, and he heard the story of the courtship with many details not familiar to others. Later he was for several years a student in the Lincoln and Herndon law office—entering it in 1856 and remaining until the breaking out of the war—and enjoyed the intimate fellowship of both men, who were at once his teachers and his friends. He was also well acquainted with Mrs. Lincoln, with whom he used to read French, and in whose home he often visited.

Having learned so much from Mr. Rankin, I urged him to write his reminiscences of Lincoln. After some hesitation he agreed to do so, and at my suggestion he kept adding pages to it, rewriting and elaborating as one fact suggested another, until, at last, after six years, he has finished. He has placed the manuscript in my hands to edit and publish, asking me to write an introduction. The work is now done and will be published by the Putnams of New York in the early winter. It is not a biography, still less a history, but a series of musing memories and flashlight pictures, often discursive but always illuminating, recorded by a man who, in the gloaming of his years, would fain add a touch to the portrait of a great soul whom he revered in youth and whose memory is a precious possession. If time has softened the outlines of years ago, it has also brought the deeper interpretation which comes with the calmer light of eventide.

I believe, my dear Booklover, that I know something of Lincoln literature, but this book has in it much not to be found elsewhere, and I believe that it will have to be reckoned with in the final account of a life which, were it not a matter of history, would be regarded as one of the great romances of the world. Here are pictures of the background of the life of Lincoln, of the atmosphere and environment of his early years, of the growth of his personality and genius, such as I have seen nowhere else. A man of exquisite spirituality, the writer brings to his record a keen, discriminating insight, joined with a great veneration, and the total impression is such a sense of the living Lincoln as I have hardly felt before. I cannot go into detail, but some things may be mentioned, if only to correct a few glaring errors long fixed in the popular mind.

For example, it is a stock story, told in all Lincoln biographies, that as a young man, under the influence of a few skeptical friends at Salem, he wrote an attack on the Christian religion, which he read to

the company around the stove in the store, Samuel Hill, hearing it, and fearing its influence on Lincoln's political future, snatched the manuscript out of his hand and burned it up. It now turns out that what Hill burned up was not an essay on Christianity, but a letter in which he, Hill, confessed his love for Ann Rutledge. The letter had been lost, and the school children picked it up and gave it to Lincoln, who, in one of his prankish moods, proceeded to read it aloud to the company gathered in the store. Whereupon, Hill became very angry and put it in the stove. Alas for the accuracy of historians!

Lincoln did write an essay on Christianity, but so far from being an attack on the faith, it was an argument in favor of the love of God and the final salvation of all souls. This we now know from a letter by Menter Graham, the old schoolmaster of Salem, at whose home Lincoln lived and studied for a year or two, to whom he showed the manuscript. Mr. Rankin reproduces the letter in his reminiscences, with much other testimony to the same effect. By the way, the fact that Lincoln went to school to Graham for several years is not generally known, and explodes the fiction that he knew only a few months of school life. While on the subject of the religion of Lincoln, let me tell another interesting story from Mr. Rankin's forthcoming book.

One of his most vivid pages is that on which he tells, with exquisite tact and tenderness, of a quiet talk between his mother and Lincoln during the campaign against Cartwright in 1846. Cartwright, a famous Methodist evangelist, was running against Lincoln for Congress, and was denouncing him as an infidel. Lincoln did not reply to this charge on the stump, and his friends became uneasy. Mrs. Rankin was not so much uneasy as deeply hurt that so false a charge should be made, and in her talk she asked Lincoln about his religious views. She feared that perhaps his sorrow at the death of Ann Rutledge had shaken his faith, and wanted to know the truth. Lincoln said:

"Mrs. Rankin, you have asked a question opening up a subject which has been thrust into this congressional campaign, and which I have resolved to ignore. It is one having no proper place, or call for an answer from me, in the political contest. I will not discuss the character and religion of Jesus Christ on the stump! That is no place for it, though my opponent, a minister of his gospel, thinks it is. But in a private circle of friends, and the inquiry coming from you, I will frankly answer your question.

"At the time you refer to I was having serious questionings about some portions of my former implicit faith in the Bible. The influences that drew me into such doubts were strong ones—men having the widest cuture and the strongest minds of any I had known up to that time. In the midst of those questions and shadows, before I could see my way clear to decide them, there came into my life sad events and a loss that you were close to and knew a great deal about, for you were a mutual friend. Those days of trouble found me tossed amidst a sea of questionings. They piled high upon me, experiences that brought with them great strains upon my emotional and mental life. Through all I groped my way until I found a stronger and higher grasp of thought, one that reached beyond this life with a clearness and satisfaction I had never known before. The Scriptures unfolded before me deeper and more logical appeal, through these new experiences, than anything else I could find to turn to, or ever before had found in them.

"I do not claim that all my doubts were removed then, or since that time have been swept away. They are not. Probably it is to be my lot to go on in a twilight feeling and reasoning my way through life, as doubting Thomas did. But in my poor way I bear with me, as I go on, a seeking spirit of desire for a faith that was with him in the olden time who, in his need, as I in mine, exclaimed, 'Help Thou my unbelief.' I do not see that I am more astray—though perhaps in a different direction—than many others whose points of view differ widely from each other in the sectarian denominations. They all claim to be Christians and interpret their several creeds as infallible ones. Yet they differ and discuss these questionable subjects without settling them with any mutual satisfaction among themselves.

"I doubt the possibility or propriety of settling the religion of Jesus Christ in the models of man-made dogmas. It is a spirit in the life He laid stress on and taught, if I read it aright. I know I see it to be so with me. The fundamental truths reported in the four Gospels as from the lips of Jesus, and that I first heard from the lips of my mother, are settled and fixed moral precepts with me. I have concluded to dismiss from my mind the debatable wrangles that once perplexed me with distractions, and stirred up but never absolutely settled anything. I have tossed them aside with the doubtful differences which divide the denominations, sweeping them all out of mind as non-essentials. I have ceased to follow such discussions or to be interested in them.

"I cannot without mental reservation assent to long and complicated creeds. If the church would ask simply for assent to the Saviour's statement of the law, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church would I gladly unite with!"

That statement, so Lincoln-like in spirit and style, is the real truth as to his actual attitude toward those difficulties which beset every thinking man. Whatever he may have lacked of the letter which killeth, surely, if ever of anyone, we may say of Lincoln that he was ruled by the spirit of the Master, equally in private life and public service. Cartwright, it may be added, bitterly repented his injustice to Lincoln in later years. He did not even mention the campaign of 1846 in his Autobiography, for the reason, as he told Mr. Rankin, that he was ashamed of it, including it in the last paragraph of his book, among the sins for which he hoped God would forgive him.

All just men will be grateful to Mr. Rankin for the gracious light in which he has portrayed Mrs. Lincoln, who has so long been misunderstood, and so often misrepresented. There is nothing in our history more unmanly, more cruel, more devoid of every fine instinct, than the treatment of that noble woman by a prying press, which pursued her even into her lonesome later years when life was so dark that death seemed like daybreak. Here at last is the testimony of one who knew her, bearing witness to her worth as a woman, her love and loyalty as a wife, and her service to her country, and bespeaking for her, what

will not always be denied—a place beside her husband in the grateful and venerative memory of the nation.

Obviously it would not be fair to tell in detail the contents of this remarkale book, in advance of its publication. Here we see the real Lincoln in the setting of his life, as he grew up among the hardy, wholesome, self-reliant pioneer folk, with many snapshots and some full length portraits of the friends who, like the friend of St. Paul, "were a help" in the making of the man. I am glad to have had a part in the writing and publication of a book which, if I mistake not, will be a permanent contribution to our knowledge of the greatest man who has lived among us, whose life is a perpetual legacy of inspiration, and who embodied, as no other in our history, the mighty and tender spirit of this republic.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

THE WORSHIP OF MARS.

Oh! base apostasy, for words too great!
False Christendom the Prince of Peace has spurned;
Its heart despoiled of love, and filled with hate,
Now unto Mars, the god of war, has turned.

Grim struggling forces charge and counter charge;
Good men and horses by the thousand fall;
But as the gruesome list of death grows large,
The lords of war for other thousands call.

With deadly rifle shot and cannon boom,
The mortar's roar, and madly screeching shell,
And stifling vapors adding to the gloom,
The earth seems changed into a very hell.

Then deadly submarines the seas infest;
Swift aeroplanes drop bombs from over head;
Great navies for supremacy contest
And many hearts are filled with constant dread.

The howling, savage dogs of war turned loose,
Men's bitter curses rise above their prayers;
And, disregarding every call to truce,
They drench with blood the world's great altar stairs.

Imposing churches, built for prayer and praise,
And dedicated to the Prince of Peace,
Professing Christians madly storm and raze—
Oh God! when will such false pretensions cease?

But still the god of war is not content,
"More sacrifice of life," he loudly calls,
And when the air with murd'rous sounds is rent,
He laughs the while the flower of manhood falls.

He grins as little children shriek in fright,
And helpless women wring their hands and cry;
Exultantly he shouts his base delight
As men, enraged, rush on to do—or die.

And mountain-like the debts, by war incurred,
Which people over-taxed, must help defray;
And backs will ache, fond hopes be long deferred,
While jaded nations monstrous war debts pay.

And this, the fruit of our apostasy,
Swift death, great debts, and gaping, ugly scars
Distressing turmoil, both on land and sea,
Is what, in part, we pray to worship Mars.

Aghast we look upon the ruin wrought,
And to the God of love most humble pray,
That we, through wide and awful suffering taught,
May never more the Prince of Peace betray.

E. A. COIL.

Marietta, O., July 17, 1915.

To Renew Louvain's Library

"Somewhere in Belgium," as the war phrase has it, is buried the library of Louvain. All that is left of a quarter of a million volumes is an old manuscript in parchment which happened to have been taken out of the library building by one of the Louvain professors, Dr. Léon van der Essen. He has put it under the ground for safe-keeping, and with this as a nucleus he proposes to form a new library for Louvain when Belgium's day of torment passes. Dr. van der Essen, who was professor of history, has recently visited this country, and asks the coöperation of American libraries and American book-lovers in the rehabilitation of this treasure house. England has given from among the duplicates and publications of the John Rylands Library of Manchester a selection of two hundred volumes. "It is hoped," says Mr. George H. Sargent in the Boston *Transcript*, "that institutions in this country will follow the example set, and that the official and important publications of this nation and its learned societies, particularly in the domain of history, may be added to the new university library." He adds a little acridly:

> A multitude of such gifts would, of course, not "restore" the library of Louvain, for its treasures, with a single exception, are gone forever—sacrificed to German *Kultur*. Yet if our institutions come to the aid of Louvain with duplicates and with modern publications, a substantial foundation will be laid for a reconstructed library.

The book saved is said to be of greatest interest to scholars, and Dr. van der Essen's story of its preservation will doubtless figure long among the traditions of "bibliomania." Mr. Sargent gives his own words:

> There is nothing dramatic about the way in which I saved the unique manuscript from our library. I personally was not in Louvain when the town was burned. I had left it six days before its destruction. But I was there all the time from the outbreak of the war until the entering of the German troops. I had served as civic guard since July 31. The civic guard are not "francs-tireurs" (snipers), of course, but wear a military uniform, are armed with the Mauser rifle, and are commanded by regular officers appointed by the King. In America you would call them militia. Louvain, as an open town, was not to be defended. So we men of the civic guard were all disarmed on the morning of August 19 at a quarter to six o'clock. Our arms were sent by train to the fortress at Antwerp, upon which the Belgian army was falling back. We remained unarmed at the station until eight o'clock. We assisted, full of despair, at the departure of the Belgian general headquarters. I had three-quarters of an hour to go to my home, awaken my family, and get together some clothing for my two babies, one of them only fifteen days old, being born the very day of the declaration of war in Belgium. In great haste I gathered together some papers, among which was the manuscript from the University of Louvain Library, which I had had at my home for consultation. I preferred to save this before all else in the way of personal property, and left all my belongings behind. Fearing that the precious manuscript might be lost during our exile, on our trip through Belgium to England I stopped at the little town of ——, near Ghent, and in the garden of a house there I buried it, enclosed in a little iron safe. It is still there, and I hope I shall take it out of its place of safety when we shall have the pleasure of returning after Belgium's evacuation.

Mr. Sargent adds some further information about the manuscript and its preserver:

> Fortunate was it that Dr. van der Essen was writing a history of the University of Louvain, or even this solitary treasure might have perished. He has the manuscript of this work practically completed, and with chapters added by recent events the work probably will be published in England this year. It was for the purpose of securing data regarding the university that he took the volume home, and so was able

to save it from the flames. In an article on the destruction of the Louvain Library, which he wrote for a learned foreign periodical, he denies that any attempt was made by the Germans to save anything from the library in the sack of Louvain. His own words are:

"Dans certains journaux, et notamment dans des journaux de Chicago, l'on a prétendu que les Allemands ont fait des efforts pour sauver la bibliothèque pendant l'incendie de Louvain, J'oppose à cette affirmation le démenti le plus catégorique. (TRANSLATION: "In certain newspapers, particularly some printed in Chicago, it is said the Germans tried to save the library during the burning of the town. I deny this statement categorically.")

Further, he writes: "The vandals who have committed this crime do not understand the lesson handed down through the centuries and which is displayed in an inscription on the walls of the old structure: *'Sapientia ædificavit sibi domum.'*

"The one manuscript which Dr. von der Essen rescued was No. 906 in the Louvain collection of manuscripts, and on its parchment cover bears the inscription in ink: *'Copia Litterarum ab Universitate missarum et ad Universitatum datarum.'* It contains a unique collection of letters, the first of which is a letter of Alexander Farnese, governor-general of the Netherlands, dated in the year 1583. The letter deals with the struggle between the Jesuits and the university from 1759 forward; with the embassies sent to Rome by the university for the protection of its rights; with the indorsement of the various colleges, with the outrages of the German garrison in Louvain in 1583 to 1586 ('Always the same, these Huns!' exclaims Dr. van der Essen) during the struggle between Philip II. and William the Silent; with the danger of ruin threatening the university in 1583-1585; with the restoration at the beginning of the seventeenth century; with the benefices possessed by the university, and other matters of the greatest historical interest in connection with the life of the ancient institution. The letters cover a period extending from 1583 to 1643.

"The documents contained in this volume are all unpublished, with the exception of five. The manuscript is a part of the former archives of the chancellery of the university. It contains letters written to the university officials by prominent men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially the noted scholars of the time. The letters and documents are written in Latin, French and Flemish. These four hundred pages of time-yellow writing bring before the world of today a story of the great past of the library of a great university. To future generations they will tell another story of struggle against overwhelming odds, of a new library springing from the ashes of the old, and of heroic devotion. One year ago the most precious treasure of the library was a copy in vellum of the famous book of Vesalius, the founder of anatomical science, *'De humani corporis fabrica,'* presented to the library by Emperor Charles V. and showing his autograph signature. To the library of the future university this volume will be more precious to scholars than the gifts of kings."

Much has been published about the contents of the destroyed library, but Dr. van der Essen adds to this information an account which Mr. Sargent passes on:

The library possessed 920 manuscripts, among them many of the twelfth century, including examples of post-Carlovingian letters; thirteenth and fourteenth century illuminated manuscripts, many of them important for studying the influence of "miniature" on painting.

One of the great treasures was a manuscript entirely in the handwriting of Thomas à Kempis, the reputed author of the "Imitation of Christ." Then there were autographs of visitors to the library, among them being the names of Victor Hugo, Ozanam, Lamartine, and other famous men from all over Europe.

"The library possessed many special collections, one of them containing some 1,500 documents relating to the history of private property in the city of Ypres. There was a collection of Jesuitica, including pamphlets by or against the Jesuits all over the world since the last quarter of the sixteenth century. This collection was unsurpassed in the world. Another collection was of Jansenistica—works relating to the Jansenistic movement in the seventeenth century. A unique collection was that of pamphlets issued by the early reformers, like Martin Luther, Zwingli, and others. Another collection was of the printed and written addresses presented by many universities to the University of Louvain in 1909, on the occasion of the celebration of its seventy-fifth anniversary of restoration.

Of the books themselves much has been written, and they are generally known to scholars. There were more than 230,000 modern books and nearly 500 collections of reviews and periodicals. With these were the incunabula (specimens of early printing), nearly 500 in number, constituting one of the most splendid collections in existence of books printed before the year 1500.

The Literary Digest.

RESIST NOT EVIL.

On spire and altar they have placed the cross,
On battle-flag, and on the graves of dead,
Who died by hate and left the bitter loss
For those who weary watch, though hope be fled.

Holding that emblem high they pray to thee,
Yet all the while, with hands outstretched to slay,
They strive with blood to gain the victory,
Thinking, save death, there is no other way.

Forgetting how the cross for thee was made
Because thy will resisted not the power
That nailed and watched thee, while thy white lips prayed,
That they might be forgiven in that hour.

When will they learn, O Christ, to suffer wrong,
To be reviled and answer not again?
For not to might doth victory belong,
But unto him that loves, though he be slain.

—Percival Allen, in The Friend.

A Substitute for Military Enforcement

AN ADDRESS BY MR. EDWARD A. FILENE

Vice-President of the International Chamber of Commerce

Delivered Before the American Branch of the League for the Enforcement of Peace, at Philadelphia, January 17, 1915.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I think this meeting is the high water mark of practical progress in this country toward the goal of that lasting peace for which all the world is hoping. Our progress in this country, if it is to be real and practical, will not come—cannot come—through wishes and hopes and dreams as the machinery, but must come through our Senate and through our President. In order that our Senate and our President shall act, they must have behind them, not only good will, but really organized public opinion.

It is not possible to unite the country on the whole mass of desirable things, on the whole mass of right, that ultimately we hope some future ages will see.

With three out of the four propositions before this Conference, that of the World Court for justiciable cases, that of the Council of Conciliation for non-justiciable cases, and of some international body that shall make the legislation with which the world court shall deal as international law, we are, and I think the country as a whole is, in accord, and those working along similar lines from the other countries are also beginning to express themselves as in accord.

As a business man, I am interested in no propositions for more lasting peace unless there is behind them some sanction, some means of enforcement, and the third proposition in this program deals with a method of enforcement, and it says it is to be a mili-

tary one. Now in the study that I have been able to make, and in my talk and consultation with many men in this country, it has seemed that there was something to be added to that.

In the original article it says: "Third. That the signatory powers shall jointly use their military force to prevent any one of their number from going to war, or committing acts of hostility, against any other of the signatories, before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing." The form which I propose as a substitute—and I may say that this is a formula which certain European co-workers, interested in achieving the same thing as ourselves, have adopted, and we all hope that eventually the European countries will either agree with us or make us agree with them, so that we shall be able to act together upon the third article—the form which I propose to substitute is as follows:

"That the signatory powers shall support, by such concerted measures, diplomatic, economic and military, as in the judgment of the majority may be most effective, any one of their number that is attacked without previous submission of the dispute to judgment or conciliation, as provided in the foregoing."

America has it within her power to organize forces which are greater, perhaps, than battleships and armies. Please do not misunderstand me. I am not suggesting that the world can do without arms. I do not think we can, any more than we can do without the policeman. But, just as within the State there are many things we use beside the policeman, and before we use the policeman, for the enforcement of the law or the execution of the judgments of the courts, so there are forces that we can use before we employ our armies and our navies. These forces can be summarized in the term "Economic Pressure," by which I mean the commercial and financial boycott of any nation which goes to war without submitting its dispute to judgment or to inquiry, and that boycott could be of a progressive severity. In the first, and what would probably be usually a sufficiently effective stage, the nations forming a league for international law and order would refuse to buy goods from or sell goods to the offending nation. If its offense, however, were a very grievous one, and continued despite the first measures, so that greater pressure were needed, the nations of the League would practically sever all intercourse with it and refuse to enter into financial or commercial transactions, refuse to receive or send its mail, or to clear its ships. And then only, finally, if such measures were ineffective, would military force be resorted to. But my plea is that, in the first instance, economic force is clearly indicated and that military force should be resorted to only if economic pressure should prove ineffective. It is the deterrent effect of organized non-intercourse which would make war less likely, since it would be a terrible penalty to incur, and one more difficult, in a sense, to fight against than military measures. Furthermore, its systematic organization would tend to make any subsequent military action by the League more effective. Many States that, for various reasons, might not be able to co-operate with military force, can co-operate with their economic force, and so render the action against the offending State more effective, and that, in the end, would be more humane.

It is also argued that it is a two-edged weapon, likely to injure ourselves as much as the nation at whom it may be aimed—that, in other words, it is costly. Well, is not all punishment costly? Are judicial systems and our prisons maintained for nothing? And is not war also an instrument which is costly and which injures ourselves? Is not the whole system of peace within the State based on the principle that we are prepared to pay for the prevention of lawbreaking? Moreover I would point out that a league like this implies that the coercing members shall outweigh the members to be coerced. It is based on the assumption that the lawbreaker will be in the minority, or will be inferior in strength. In that case a principle like non-intercourse would not weigh so heavily upon the party inflicting the pressure, because the burden would be distributed over more backs.

Another objection is that it will bear with undue hardship upon individuals of special trades and industries. Well, again, so does war. But I think on the whole it would be easier to prevent that special distress in the case of non-intercourse than in the case of war. The experience of the combatants in the present war is particularly enlightening on this point. On the morrow of the declaration of war, many credit institutions in London—and the same thing is true of Berlin—found themselves threatened with what would have been, in the absence of special measures, absolute ruin. But especial measures were taken, and the Government successfully used its power to prevent all the effect of the war falling upon any one class in the community.

A further objection is that in the past embargoes have not been effective, and in support of this the Berlin and Milan Decrees of the Napoleonic Wars are generally cited. But surely this does not take into account the immense differences in the character and importance of international intercourse at the opening of the nineteenth century and at the opening of the twentieth century. Take a single thing as illustrating it—the amount of mail handled in 1813 and the amount handled in 1913. There was nothing vital in international intercourse one hundred years ago. When it took six weeks at least for Paris to communicate with Washington, the effect of isolating a capital for a few weeks was simply not felt. But the sudden isolation of the capitals of Europe, in August, 1914, compelled every government concerned to take extraordinary and exhaustive measures immediately, by reorganizing their whole commercial and financial life. The effect did not trickle down through weeks or months, as it did a hundred years ago. It was felt, and felt instantaneously and disastrously.

Of course, these forces will need efficient organization, and surely, of all the nations in the world, it is this nation which is most fitted by its circumstances to lead the way in the development of international relations. If this country could, during the course of the war, secure agreements with the nations of South America, and possibly other neutral States, you would then have the nucleus, the first grouping, commanding resources so vast as to carry immense weight with the world at that time.

I believe that the movement toward national agreement in our own country can best be begun by the groups represented at this meeting. I believe that the proposal of economic pressure may form the pivot of such an agreement, for this reason: it is evident

that in any international arrangements for the future, we must have some means for compelling observance of them. Many see very great, if not insuperable, difficulties to the creation of an international police force. Many of the objections raised to that form of compulsion would not be applicable to the one under discussion, and there are very few indeed who would object to the employment of military force, if the preliminary method of econnomic pressure had been first applied. Thus many difficulties which have stood in the way of unifying national opinion in this matter are surmounted, and the unification of public opinion on this matter is essential to success.

The present situation, in conclusion, compels an attention on the part of our nation to international affairs that it has never before been compelled in any insistent way to give to them. This is evidenced by the present crisis. I think that the proposals that have been presented to us all so well during this meeting can be tested in the crisis that we are facing. The American Government may by its action within the next few days or weeks determine the kind of settlement that Europe will have after the war—a settlement so fundamentally important to the peace and prosperity of the United States. If America stands now for the rights of our citizens on the high seas, she will help to give the world a sound peace, for her rights can only be finally vindicated, first, by a drastic reform of sea law, which means co-operating with other nations in creating a legislative body to frame agreements on such law; second, by a just interpretation of this sea law, which means an international court; and third, by some method of compelling respect for the court's decision, which means finding something better as a way of enforcing international law than taking sides in a war in which both sides may be violating the law. The United States can find that method by properly organizing in advance economic pressure, some form of non-intercourse or international boycott, against a law-breaking nation. For these things we must stand if we would preserve our own respect, our own interests, and those of the civilized world.

ASTERS AND GOLDENROD.

My meadow is a lawless queen,
And where her purple gown is rent
She patches it with sunburnt green,
And laughs, and is content.

The golden tatters of her cloak
She trails along the dusty ways,
And waves her scarf of azure smoke
To fan the brush-fire's blaze.

She leaves her veil of violet mist
A-dangle from the apple boughs,
And flings her sandals, jewel-kissed,
Where heedless cattle browse.

She waves a taunting flag of gold
To south-bound birds that dare not wait,
And mocks the envoys of the cold
That will not arbitrate.

—*Margaret Lee Ashley.*

Where there is no vision, the people perish.

—*Proverbs.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXIX.
I, II, III John

"He that loveth his brother abideth in the light."
I John, ii:10.

In I, II and III John we have another group of Catholic Epistles in the sense that they are written to everybody rather than to anyone in particular. They are familiar to scholars as part of the Johannine literature. These letters, with the fourth Gospel and Book of Revelation, form a little Bible inside of our Bible. All are obviously written from the same standpoint and from about the same period of development, differing in material but containing much in common. We do not know who wrote them. For obvious reasons the church has associated the name of John with all five. They contain a certain unity of view point which would place them at the end of the first, or the beginning of the second century, in round numbers one hundred years after the tragedy on Calvary.

During this time things have been doing in the Mediterranean world, powers have been collapsing, political dynasties have been changing, the map of the world has been reorganizing. We have passed from Jerusalem, and even the larger center of Jewish life at this time, Alexandria, and find such centers dotting the map as Rome, Corinth, Ephesus and the rest.

The scholars, whose conclusions I follow, say that this group of letters probably emanated from the thought center of Ephesus, where Paul worked two years, but which latterly had been invaded by Alexandrian, Judaic-Greeco influence, the extension of the Philo thought. Philo, the learned Jew in Alexandria, who thought he knew how to reconcile Greek philosophy with Hebrew religion, interpreted Plato and Sokrates in terms of Moses and Isaiah, after the fashion of Swedenborg. When Christianity began to take shape in this part of the world, the Alexandrian influence spread into Ephesus.

John, the assumed author, the beloved and loving disciple of the Gospels, one who stood for the gentle side of the message, the only disciple who followed the Master clear up to the Calvary cross, naturally in the estimation of the faithful and loving, in the folklore of the young Christian movement, became representative of the love side of the Gospel. Love is portrayed as the permanent element in these five books of the Johannine group, on which account they are invaluable.

But one hundred years of time had been enough to transform the Nazarene carpenter into the expected Messiah of Paul, and later into a supernatural being on his way from plain humanity to his place on the throne of the universe alongside of the Father and the Holy Spirit as a member of the Triune God.

Here is the history of the growth of a belief in

the Trinity which cannot be dismissed though we may not believe it. A belief which is today a tremendous power in the world, greater perhaps than is represented by any independent thinking on the outside.

Presumably these books were written from that city of Ephesus, whose history is a great story. At that very time the Temple of Diana was one of the seven wonders of the world. Professor W. B. Wright, in his "Cities of Paul," has given a thumbnail sketch of Ephesus which is startling in its revelation of the place it then occupied in the civilization of the world, politically, commercially, artistically. We are reminded that here was where the Egyptian Isis was transformed into the Christian Virgin Mother, spiritual successor of Diana and Isis. Here was

"The residence of Zeuxis, the home of Apelles, the greatest painter who ever lived; a school of art which had no equal and but one superior in the ancient world; birthplace of two of the most commanding intellectual conceptions yet given to mankind, for here was formulated that doctrine of 'The Word' which dominates Christian creeds, and here Heracleitus announced the truth which, rediscovered by Charles Darwin, steers the science of today."

Following the lead of those who think that unquestionably the first Epistle was written by the same man who wrote the Gospel of John. There is reason to believe that this was an abstract of but not included in the Fourth Gospel. It is absolutely barren of the personal alusions and incidents that would of course have come into the story if written by one who shared with Jesus the exciting experiences of the three years of his public life. Here we see the Christ growing out of his humanity into his divinity, on the way to the Trinity which did not reach its full growth for another two hundred years. The introduction of the letter is very like the poem to the Gospel of John, full of mystical, theosophical theology.

In the second chapter he begins to warn his people of that which troubled the early church for a hundred years, called the Anti-Christ, more to be feared than the Devil, intangible, but the foe of the truth and the movement. It was anti-Christ that insisted that Jesus was plain man and anti-Christ if you explained too much about him. It was the spirit of opposition to the theory of the mediatorship, the salvation of the soul throug his union with God. The letter is full of symbolic theology which is easily disposed of, but the universal element of love, the humanity of it, is good for all time. The writer was full of the Second Coming, the working creed of the early church, but falls back on the doctrine of love in the third chapter. "Think what love the Father has shown us in allowing us to be called 'Children of God,' as indeed we are."

This letter taken literally lends itself to theological schemes. It has furnished ammunition for Mary Baker Eddy, Mormonism, the Second Adventists, and with the modification of modern theology is not far from Catholicism.

In I John v:7 we find the only distinct direct Trinitarian text in the Bible, though other texts suggest it. In King James' version it reads:

"For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one."

This has always been a comfort to the Trinitarian, but no more to the Trinitarian preacher, because he knows that it is a late interpolation and is omitted from all modern versions. One commentary writes:

"The Revised Version omits the words which in the King James Version forms a part of the seventh and eighth verses as follows: *in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one. And there are three that bear witness on earth.* This is the most famous of all the N. T. interpolations; its origin was in the West, apparently about 400 A. D.; it gradually made its way into the Latin versions, but appears in no Greek text until the fifteenth century."

This is a suggestive illustration of how literature grows, how ancient manuscripts, however well guarded, are changed and modified. No enemy's hand wrought the change, no deliberate fraud had been perpetrated, but a suggestion put into the margin of the manuscript by one monk and included in the text by the next one to copy it. Only a little bit of famous textual criticism.

I and II John are two short letters, interesting fragments that barely got into the Canon. The author of the second letter calls himself an officer of the church and addresses it "To an eminent Christian lady and to her children." The lady thought to represent a church and the children its members. The writer rejoices in the good work done and warns them of the danger of the "Anti-Christ."

The third letter is like unto it, evidently written in the same way and perhaps by the same man. This one is addressed "To his dear friend, Gaius," who may also be a personification of the church.

We now see how the traditions of love gathered round the name of John, as we have seen those of executive and organizing power gather round Peter, and how the mystical traditions, the philosophic side of the movement naturally sprang out of the teachings of Paul, the biggest of them all. These Johannine books struck the keynote of religion when they put emphasis on love, gentleness and affection, and settle hot questions by the test of an abiding love.

XXIX.

I. From what city are these letters thought to have come?

II. Why was the authorship ascribed to John?

III. What are the reasons given by scholars for doubting that the beloved disciple wrote them?

IV. What is the keynote of these epistles?

V. Give an illustration of manner in which ancient manuscript became modified.

Making Good Farm Hands Out of Bad Boys

Out over the great American Northwest, out over Canada—notably Canada West—the farmers are crying for hands! In every big city of the two countries, without exception, there are strong, healthy, good-hearted young boys who have been sent to reformatory, refuge or work-house for some crime that has come simply as a result of bad company or bad circumstances, growing out of their not having had a chance.

Wherefore, in Cincinnati, or, rather, Hamilton County, which is almost the same thing, they are trying to solve the problem of making good farm hands out of bad boys; helping these farm hands to jobs on the farms and setting them out to teach their employers everything new in agriculture, from the value of cement fence posts to steel granaries.

One gets the story of just what's being done best by a visit to this unique "Refuge Farm," as it is called; taking its name from the city House of Refuge, in which the boys had heretofore been confined. The place is at Glendale, a college town close to the city, but sufficiently remote to be out in the country. The estate was originally the summer home of a wealthy citizen, and the drive to the house is edged with apple trees, which also line the oval just before the door. In apple blossom time, or in apple ripening time, few are the city boys who would not envy the lads destined to rómp here. More than this, though with the apple trees lessons are given in horticulture, in fruit culture, in grafting, scientific pruning, in fighting tree foes, in tree nursery work, in gathering and marketing and storing for winter sale. In short every phase of fruit raising or selling is taught.

The house itself is a broad, commodious one, with a hall at center, rooms to right and left, cool and comfortable in summer as befits a summer home, warmed by great hearth fires in winter. Over it a farmer and his wife, the latter a motherly little body, preside, and they make it take on the spirit of a home, rather than of an institute. In fact, boys sent here are on a par with boys who apply at Jack Roosa's farm for job of hired man, and a hired man, on a big farm, is one of the family.

Opened only March, 1914, the farm has already proven its success to the most dubious. Eleven dependent and delinquent boys were left at the first summer's end to go over until the next year; eleven others, out of the original twenty-two, were sent out, prepared to take work on the farms, where calls came for such, and fitted to go to work at the hay or the plow or in the furrow as few city boys can. More than this, instead of "hunting jobs" in the big, cruel city, they had jobs hunting for them on the healthy, inspiring farms.

Out at the Refuge Farm these boys sleep in one building to themselves, this originally the home of the tenant farmer, who looked after the place in the owner's absence and through the winter. The spirit of a boy's republic prevails in this—the boys see to it as farm hands would see to their rooms, that things are tidy and shipshape.

The most of the lads are still of school age, and so go down to the nearest country school, getting the education that up-to-date farmer boys do. After school they do regular farm work. The discipline is mild, because if severe the lads might run away, not realizing the chance at their tender age that is given them. They are not uniformed, and while, if they do escape, the city probation officers are notified and keep a lookout, it is felt that the boys are the losers, rather than the community or the farm. What with three hundred and ninety acres of farm land to roam over, these boys have a mighty good time out of farm hours, while with a practical farmer, Mr. Biddle, in charge to teach, they get a course of practical instructical instruction in farming that few farmers would have the patience to give them, except at proportionate reduction in wages.

"At five in the morning," Mrs. Biddle relates, "the boys rise. Then come the chores as on any farm; seven of the boys milk the cows, of which we have seventeen. Milk and buttermilk are used not alone here, but down at the Refuge as well. Making butter, caring for stock, dairying, stable building, care of hay, silo, work, and the like all are taught in the doing of the chores.

"Some of the lads are assigned, in turn, to feed the cattle; two are helpers in the kitchen. There are twenty-one head of horses, eight calves, one hundred and forty hogs, some two hundred and eighty chickens, and seventy-five sheep on the place, all to be looked after and to be used to teach with as well.

When you realize that it's four miles about the farm and that the late owner kept three hired men, even in the winter, to attend to it, you can see there is plenty for all to do.

Somehow, though, as the boys gather around the grate in this splendid old farm house, resting elbows on the mantel or getting this or that pastime from the wardrobe and bureau in the corners, they do not seem abused. All the buildings here were set up before the Refuge lads came, it seems, but repairs and the like serve for object lessons. According to season, aptitude, and strength, the head farmer sets the boys to work on this or that. In the autumn, for a time, all are busied shucking corn and otherwise engaged in the harvest.

Most of these boys range in age from fourteen to eighteen years. It is surprising to watch the love of the place and the interest in it they develop, almost immediately upon coming here and finding the spirit of prison and restraint and coercion removed. They will chase hunters off the bounds, as though the game were their own, and most of them declare they never want to go back to the city. Most of them too soon get over the boyish spirit of roving that has perhaps been responsible in bringing them here, and then, as they get their full interest awakened in this farm, turn their intentions to farming for life.

It is not very expensive to conduct such a charity, especially where city and county co-operate. Some temporarily abandoned farm is always to be had for comparatively little. The State exempts it from taxes. It raises most of the food, meats, vegetables, fruits, flour, buckwheat, what you will, consumed; cuts its fuel from the woods; may even raise the wool for garments, to be exchanged for money, of course, to buy these. At Glendale eight officials, a carpenter and his wife, and a nurse constitute the force.

By and by you stroll out over the farm. You visit the new dormitory being built for the boys, the buttery, the giant barns; the orchard, heavy with fruit; the vast grain fields. Everything is flourishing; everything spick and span; every acre would serve as a model.

You think of the chances these boys receive to learn farming, A to Izzum. Then you think of the chances they stand when applying for work, as compared to the raw recruit. And you think of the joy of the farmer, in need of farm hands, who, in response to his letter, has sent him such a boy as one of these. Faults there may be, of course, in the system, but the layman at least can see only praise in this move for converting bad boys into good farmers.

Felix J. Koch.

In Western Christian Advocate.

The darkest night that ever fell upon the earth never put out the stars. —*George Eliot.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TEACHING WAR-CRIPPLES USEFUL TRADES.

How can life be made supportable for the wreckage of humanity war leaves in its wake? This problem is being widely discust in France, and we learn from *La Nouvelle Revue* (Paris) that a practical contribution toward its solution has been made by Mr. Eduard Herriot, the Mayor of Lyons, in his trade-school for the wounded—an institution which is being copied all over the country, and even in Algeria. In the Lyons school, which was opened on the 29th of last December, soldiers permanently maimed are taught such trades as shoemaking, cobbling, tailoring, gardening, carpentry, toy-making, bookbinding, bookkeeping, stenography and typewriting. Courses are also planned in harness-making, metal-working, coopering, and possibly jewel-setting. The school day is eight hours, and those whose trades involve manual labor also have courses of primary instructions in the evening. The *Revue* writer, Mr. Johannes Gravier, gives us the following editorial information about this interesting experiment:

"Candidates for admission are selected with care, each name being proposed by the chief physician of the formation to the Director of the *Service de Santé,* who transmits it to the Governor-General of the *région,* who accepts or rejects it.

"The candidates thus presented are the 'amputated' and the 'wounded,' the latter term including all infirmities consequent on a wound received in war. . . . As to the first the task of decision is easy. Examination is made to see whether the cicatrization is solid, definitive, with no fistual nor painful spot . . . In the second category the question is more delicate. We have examined a great number and retained few, for most were susceptible of improvement by proper treatment. . . . Furthermore the candidate must be incapacitated by the nature of his wound to resume his former occupation, and must lack resources for self-support. From the moral point of view he must enter the school with a firm and decided will to work and to learn. He is free to leave when he pleases, and the school reserve the absolute right to dismiss those whose conduct may produce trouble or scandal among their fellows."

Mr. Gravier gives a vivacious account of his visit to the Lyons school, whose director he found just granting an interview to inspectors of labor and representatives of the press:

"At the moment he was speaking of the apprenticeship of shoemaking.

"'You teach cobbling chiefly?' some one asked.

"'On the contrary, we have our workmen make new goods—that creates new interest among the students. There is a risk of discouraging them by repair-work alone. It is important that they should achieve the production of something as soon as possible.'

"'In short, you skip the steps of apprenticeship?'

"'Not at all, for we wish to make excellent workmen; but we guide the apprentice zealously at the beginning, so that he may arrive at a result which will encourage him, and inculcate taste and pride in the article he is making.'

"'How much time does it take to make a good shoemaker?'

"'From a year to 18 months, according to aptitude.'

"'But it takes three years in current practise?'

"'Yes, but you are speaking of young apprentices under a master . . . who, after they have learned to sew leather in their second year, lose time in sweeping out the shop or taking lessons. Moreover, at their age they are still thinking more of sport than of perfecting themselves in their trade. Whereas here we have to do with men who know what they are working for and who bend all their zeal, attention, and tenacity to the purpose of making progress.'

"The question turns now upon the nature and gravity of the amputations which permit or interdict a given profession. Thus to become a shoemaker, it is necessary to have two sound arms and the stumps of legs to support the last. The director bade us note that the *Ecole Professionelle des Blessés* does not wait to begin the education of its students until the Government has fitted the artificial limbs which it is bound to furnish them. Owing to the large number of those who require such appliances there may be a delay of two months or more. It is harmful to allow the man who has suffered amputation to remain unoccupied and inactive during this time."

On this point the author quotes an interesting observation of Dr. Carle, who is the author of a pamphlet concerning these schools, which is sent free on request. Dr. Carle remarks that the work of the orthopedist is by no means complete when the first apparatus furnished by the State has been fitted:

"According to the occupation, and according to the skill of the pupil, this apparatus can be modified and perfected. In place of the classic crutch or the wooden hand, a delicate instrument can be fastened to the stump capable of taking the place of the missing hand. It is quite impossible in practise to establish a delimitation between orthopedy and re-education. The one infringes strongly upon the other, and the orthopedist must collabroate with the educator for the best helpfulness to the future workman. There is much to be created along this line and we hope to discover interesting modifications of the old apparatus."

The trade most often selected, we learn, is that of the shoemaker. It is easy to learn and can be carried on at home. Besides, the tools are not costly, and it may be quite profitable even in a village. The course in accounting is the only one which undertakes to furnish candidates for liberal careers, posts, and administrative positions:

"Besides accounting the students have courses in stenography, French, arithmetic, geography, English, and commercial Russian—the last optional. This course will furnish especially bookkeepers for factories and large stores. A certain number of students even propose to be commercial travelers. We passed next to the bookbinding *atelier.* Here, too, the one-armed were in the majority. Nevertheless they managed the paste-brush with dexterity with their single first. The books entrusted to their care seemed drest with the utmost neatness.

"Gaiety and good humor reigned everywhere. These men know that they could quit the school whenever they pleased. They also know why they are there and what they are working for. They appreciate their advantages. Their pensions will not be modified because they have learned a trade. Finally, they feel assured of finding openings when they leave the school.

"It is with a comforted heart and an enthusiastic spirit that one leaves the establishment . . . entirely reassured as to the future of its pensioners. The miraculous results—the word is not too strong—obtained in so short a time (only two months at that time) prove that Mr. Herriot has achieved here a piece of work that is practical, useful, and lasting. . . . .

"In fact, since the astonishing success of the school at Lyons there is a spirit of emulation in the whole country."

—*Literary Digest.*

HUMORISTS' NEUTRAL SHAFTS.

Probably you were not completely mobilized for war on August 1, a year ago? Perhaps many weeks passed before that was accomplished; possibly you have still the feeling that a few regiments of ideas and intellectual conceptions are not quite as well drilled and armed for argument as they should be. When the war started there were few people who found themselves in a state of mental preparedness for war. Writing in *The Illustrated Sunday Magazine*, Frederick Hall declares that the poets were manifestly unprepared when the war began, and remarks on the long period that we were compelled to wait for anything better than sporadic outbursts of hostility showing far more antagonistic than poetic feeling.

The war found another class of writers, however, much more ready, and these, strangely enough, were the humorists. Once the first appalling fact of a world-war was grasped, the humorists rose to the occasion manfully, and so far their serried ranks have withstood the deadliest onslaughts of atrocity, bitterness, horror, or sorrow. In proof, says this writer, of the efficiency of their preparedness—

One need only recall their contribution to the strategy of the war. It was they who suggested to Belgium the wisdom of building armored cathedrals; they pointed out to England that what she needed was a Culebra Slide in the Kiel Canal; they offered Russia the illuminating suggestion that the Cossacks be ordered to dye their whiskers green, thus causing the foe to mistake the army for a field of alfalfa, and they promptly commended the French for seizing all taxicabs for army service—this in view of their well-known ability to make frightful charges.

It is but fair to add that it was an English sergeant who answered the question, "What is strategy?" by saying, "It's when you don't let the enemy discover that you're out of ammunition, but keep right on firing." It was an American however, who first protested against the use of dumdum war-correspondents, and another who eloquently challenged the right to confiscate the property of neutrals: this in a plaintive lyric relating how the fancy stock-farm of the eminent agriculturist, James Gordon Bennett, had been raided by the authorities of Paris and a sergeant had "laid his vandal hand on Mr. Bennett's cow."

It was probably another American who mined the entrenchments of that great unknown arch-humorist, the "eye-witness," by remarking that, apparently, "an enemy is first crusht, then is completely surrounded, then his line of retreat is cut off, and then his advance is definitely checked." Misleading reports were such easy prize for the humorists that they were not long in entering the enemy's territory *en masse* and constructing reports of their own, such as these which the writer quotes:

"Pilsner has been taken by the Germans. They are now surrounding the Delicatessen, where they are expecting the Wurst. There was a falling out between the Belgian Hares and the Welsh Rarebits, and the Swiss Cheese was shot full of holes. This will make the Irish Stew and the English Mustard hot, and if the Russian Caviares the French Pastry it may involve the Italian Macaroni."

Or, if one asks for a more detailed report of army maneuvers, what could be more lucid and circumstantial than:

"The Allies' left is trying to move around the Germans' right, but the Germans' right is also moving around the Allies' left. Now, if the left of the Germans' right moves around the right of the Allies' left, then what is left of the Germans' right must be right where the Allies left. But if the Germans' right left is left right where the Allies' left's right was right before the Allies' left, then the left is right where the right was right before the left's right left the right's left."

We are reminded of the excellent Red-Cross work performed by the humorists, who have done much for the comfort of the men at the front, as follows:

They have disseminated such ancedotes as that of the man who declared he had been perfectly cool in his first battle—so cool that he fairly shivered. And of the newly enlisted cavalryman who insisted that he had had orders to dismount, but, on being questioned, confest that the orders had come not from headquarters but from hindquarters. They have made public notable examples of uncomplaining courage:

"Quit your howlin," cries an Irish recruit to a comrade just shot in the arm. "Look at Terry over there. He's had his head shot off an' he ain't sayin' a word."

They have given valuable hints to foragers:

"No, Colonel," protested a British soldier who had been caught carrying off a rooster and, with some show of circumstantial evidence, had been accused of stealing it—"No, Colonel, I just saw this old fellow sitting on the wall and I told him to crow for England; and he wouldn't—so I took him prisoner."

To the ranks of the regulars came quickly the parodists, as volunteers. One difficulty in such war-poetry lay in the babel of tongues in which it must be fought, but this was not insurmountable, as was shown when—

In a frenzied effort to produce a war-poem which should be at least partly understandable to all the combatants, one writer began:

It's très loin nach London,
But mit Zepp'lins kommt man hin;
Und kommt man not mit Zepp'lins,
He goes with Submarine.

But a sustained flight in three languages could not but prove disappointing.

Far more successful have been some of the many versions of "Tipperary." This, for instance, in Scotch:

It's a lang way tae Auchtermuchty,
It's a lang wae tae Perth.
It's a lang way tae get tae anywhere
Frae anywhere else on airth.
Guid-by tae Ballachulish,
Farewell but an' ben;
It's a lang, lang way tae Auchtermuchty,
But I'll gang back again.

Or this in Kiplingese:

Ship me due southwest of Dublin,
Where the girls are always fair,
Singing, Goob-by, Piccadilly,
And So-long, to Leicester Square,
For those Irish belles are calling
And it's there that I would be,
On the road to Tipperary,
On the road to Tipperee.

We can be assured by such effusions as those quoted above that this country is not wholly unprepared for war. Or, if doubt still remain that our humorists will be ready at the first call, it is only necessary to append the following:

"While the United States Army is, admittedly, weak," one of them confesses, "the arrival of President Wilson's grandson may be said to strengthen our infantry."

THE JAYBIRD

The Jaybird, he's my favorite
Of all the birds they is!
I think he's quite a stylish sight
In that blue suit of his.
An' when he lights an' shuts his wings
His coat's a "cutaway"—
I guess it's only when he sings
You'd know he wuz a jay.

I like to watch him when he's lit
In top of any tree,
'Cause all birds git wite out of it
When he 'lights an' they see
How proud he acts, an' swell an' spread
His chest out more an' more,
An' raise the feathers on his head
Like it's cut pompadore!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

DEPARTURE

The phantom-fleet stood off the shore!
Inaudible and swift as light,
Anchors invisible did moor
Their black heels in the night.

At morn they swayed with ebb and tide,
All taut nd trim in shroud and sheet.
Just when the cables slipped, none spied,
Nor tracked the outbound fleet.

We only knew the sails were gone,
And hollow winds were all abroad;
And one, with them, beyond the dawn
Sailed the fair seas of God.

—Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.

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